

THE CHIRONIAN

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY BY THE STUDENTS OF THE HOMŒOPATHIC MEDICAL COLLEGE.

VOLUME III.

NEW YORK, MAY 5, 1887.

NUMBER 12.

THE CHIRONIAN.

VOL. III.

APRIL 12, 1887.

NO. 12.

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Per annum, in advance, \$1.50. Single copies, 15 cents.

All communications should be addressed to THE CHIRONIAN, N. Y. Hom. Med. College, 23d Street and 3d Avenue, N. Y. City.

Alumni, Professors and Undergraduates are asked to contribute to our columns. All articles must be signed by the name of the writer.

The editors are not responsible for opinions of contributors. Subscriptions taken at the College. Single copies may be obtained in the "Students' Room."

All remittances by mail should be made to the Business Manager, at the College.

THE CHIRONIAN will be sent until ordered discontinued.

THIS number of THE CHIRONIAN closes the labors of its present Board of Editors, and the new board, consisting chiefly of members from the Class of '88, will take up the work.

We are happy that we can leave THE CHIRONIAN in better financial condition than we found it.

It has been clearly demonstrated that the Alumni of the college and the profession at large are pleased with the work of THE CHIRONIAN.

We certainly have the opportunity for glean- ing original articles of the very highest order, and no journal of its kind has a richer field. In closing we would thank the Associate Editors, who have been so instrumental in lightening the duties of the chief; may their future labors be more remunerative.

IN addition to the usual report of the proceedings of the college, Hahnemannian and Alumni exercises, we print some of the addresses, etc., in full, which will prove of interest to those of our readers who could not be with us during this season of enjoyment and final reckoning.

THE Class of '87 has finished its work in a creditable manner and gone forth to join the great army of Healers, struggling for fame and sustenance.

At the close of its "Middle" year this class had the highest average of any class that ever preceded it in our college. Perhaps the professor who, at the Alumni dinner, remarked that '87 was a poor class, was not aware of the above fact, or it may be that the *intensity* of the occasion beclouded his judgment.

If, during its Senior year, the class has fallen from its high standard, may not some fault in the method of instruction be as potent a cause as the fancied relaxation of the students' efforts?

In class affairs '87 was full of "kickers"; but so united were they on their wants that "they never asked the Faculty for a favor but they obtained it." Take them all in all they were a class of genial, hearty, whole-souled men, whom it was a pleasure to meet and sad to leave. May success attend them!

IT was the remark of many that the exercises of the Hahnemannian Society were a perfect success.

It is not our purpose to review the exercises here, as that is most ably done in the following pages; but we do desire to express our satisfaction in the Society's work during the past year. There has not been a dull meeting in the whole session, and the amount of fines for absences has been so small that the treasurer's

task has been much easier than it was in former years.

The Society has taken hold of the Library, established it on correct principles and endowed it with a small sum annually.

Much credit is due to President Watts for his untiring zeal in furthering the interests of the Society and bringing about its success, and his efforts were ably seconded by the officers and members.

Valedictory.

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN OF THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES AND FACULTY, FELLOW GRADUATES, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN :

AFTER the tedium of a three years' college course—after its ups and downs of health and hopes, we assembled here to-day to participate in that which, since the dawning of trouble is at hand, is most appropriately our Commencement.

We are here to receive our diplomas—to score the first success in the race we have entered for life. But, Fellow Graduates, in the midst of our exultations, we should be conscious that *this* success is trivial—is fleeting even as Time. To-morrow it will have become an old story, and soberly will we enter into the sentiment of Byron :

“ The lovely toy so fiercely sought,
Hath lost its charm by being caught.”

Let us then set up a new target at a greater range. The laurels which to-day fill us with the natural pride of triumph, to-morrow we should put beneath our feet that we may be elevated to a higher purpose. And as we are assembled here to-day probably for the last time, with our honored Faculty before us, and surrounding us those sweet and important factors of our lives—our friends, let us for a moment recount the changes which Time has wrought among us.

Just about three years ago now some of us, who were sons of frugal farmers, were ankle-deep in the freshly turned furrow ploughing for corn, and dreaming of future glory. Others were tradesmen, who, while they labored

through the weary day, were sustained by the stimulating wand of ambition which pointed to this happy hour. Others still were drudging along the heavy path of clerkship, whereon the only bright spots were anticipations and glowing pictures of to-day. We are here now in the realization of those long-cherished anticipations.

Such is the varying tide of a student's life. Yesterday, dejected and borne down by the misgivings of coming examinations—to-day, the law of gravitation seems almost inadequate in maintaining a relation between us and our mother-earth. Yesterday, a smile among us was a ghastly mockery—to-day our faces are distorted with genuine mirth. Yesterday the world was cold and gloomy, overhung by a foul, damp atmosphere of discouragement and dread—to-day serene happiness sits on the throne of tyrannical anxiety and we are overwhelmed with joys—flowers, music, fair faces, good will and God speed meet us on every hand. But, my fellows, while we appreciate these to the fullest extent, we should not forget that flowers will fade and the loudest chords of music die away—that good will and God speed, with their force of encouragement, cannot make us successful men in our profession. That remains for us alone to achieve. Let us not then trust to luck, but calmly consider our position and the chief requirements of a physician.

And first of all, if there is one man above others who should be open to conviction—who should investigate theories—who should stand aloof from the slums of prejudice and self-satisfaction—if there is preëminently one who should be firm and reliant upon his own judgments and constant in his efforts to do the very best his circumstances will permit, I say that man is the physician.

And the man whose post of duty is between life and death, should be a man with a clear head and a calm temperament and his even manner should at once and always proclaim him master of himself. He should not be tied down to a single principle. Principles are like friends : the better they are the more, the worse they are the fewer a man profitably can have.

Homœopathy is indeed a wonderful law; beautiful in conception, unique in application and in results sublime. Still the great science of medicine is not bounded by the law of similars, or any other single principle. And here I would not be mistaken, for I would rather hear of your abandoning the profession than to hear you deservedly called "pseudohomœopaths," or "mongrels" or "halfbreeds" or collectors of specifics. But, aside from the general forms of disease, there are injuries, and emergencies, and scores of conditions calling for medicinal aid wherein you may justly consider that the degree you receive here to-day is not Doctor of Homœopathy only, but of that broad, evolving, unlimited science—Medicine. Anything but prejudice—anything but being satisfied with the already attained. Let us have professional minds ready to reason, to receive, and to give, and we will become physicians in the truest and noblest sense. Science never took one step in advance through prejudice, but the progress of medicine has been made by the men least satisfied with their own knowledge and attainments.

Then don't depreciate one school of medicine or another; for they are parts of a glorious whole, and that argument against a part detracts from the whole as a profession which you have undertaken to sustain.

And above all don't defame your neighbor, especially if he be a physician and there is an obvious rivalry between you. It will prove a boomerang more destructive to your reputation as a man, than your most brilliant success will build you up as a physician. For as I am persuaded, the people of the community wherein you will settle, as a rule, will seek you or shun you according to your character and your worthiness. Your reputation will soon be framed and you will be known—not as a symbol standing for this school or that; not as a doctor, for that epithet does not signify the one standard article so much as it did. But your trial will be conducted by the best people of the community and *their finer* judgments will rest upon you as you are a *man*, and according to your quality as a physician. Then be upright, be studious, be abreast

of the times; and for your profession's sake avoid being one of those to whom Voltaire alludes where he speaks of the "Doctors who pour drugs, of which they know *little*, into bodies of which they know *less*."

And then if you would be men, "Be just and fear not," and be generous to those upon whom God Almighty has seen fit to place the burden of poverty.

There is still another quality which a physician *must* have. He must be able to keep a secret. A professional secret is a trust rested in a physician because he *is* a *physician*, which is understood to imply that he is *trustworthy*. To keep such a secret is to keep honor, to betray it, to take the meanest of mean advancements.

And now, doctors, as you are members of a most benevolent—a noble profession, your mission will be: to relieve pain; to emancipate the slaves of bodily affliction; to repel and wipe away the burning tears of grief—in short, *Friends* to health and happiness, *Foes* to disease and suffering. Your success or failure will depend largely upon your own abstract work. The muses of the painter and the sculptor and the poet have no affinity for the calamitous ravaging of disease. The theologian's inspiration will come not to you in the trying hour of a critical disease. No Supreme Court Judge sits in state to secure your acts against fatal criticism. Your only guide now is your judgment, and your only lawful judge the Almighty. Your prudent silence must overcome the small-talk of great men, and the great talk of small men and the slurs and slings of the disbeliever in your faith. Some of you may have to battle with poverty, with temptations and ailments of your own bodies, but recollect:

Every struggle brings the goal a little nearer,
Every hardship makes the prize a little dearer.

Perhaps the most unjust of all the criticisms which will be laid at your door is that idea entertained by some (I hope but few), that a physician, and especially a surgeon, is a creature without a heart—that the sight of blood and the repeated associations with affliction and suffering and death, have severed all the finer

threads of feeling and sifted from his nature all that may have been sympathetic and tender. Look you! a physician strives desperately to acquire that calmness, which for his patients' welfare and his own, is indispensable, and he is accredited with hardness of heart. O think not, kind friends, that because a man is a doctor he cannot be a man still! What though his hands are sometimes soiled with blood—what though his clothing sometimes bear the scent of carbolic acid and ether—what though his tearless eye has become accustomed to the grim spectacle, Death—what though his duty calls him from the villas of wealth to the hovels of the poor, from death-bed to birth-bed, to the hospital, the operating table, the dissecting-room or the morgue—"A man's a man for a' that!"

GENTLEMEN OF THE FACULTY—It is my privilege and extreme pleasure to extend to you the hearty thanks of the Class of '87. We thank you for your untiring labors in the lecture-room—for the extra hours you have given us in the quizzes and the clinics. We thank you for the splendid gifts which met our solicitation in behalf of the library, and for the kindnesses and innumerable favors you have so generously and so graciously shown this class.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—As we meet and part here this afternoon on this Ocean of Time, our salute to many of you must be as is the mariner's, who, while rushing onward through a stormy sea, sights but for a moment the welcome colors of a friendly flag. We appreciate the kindly interest in our welfare which is manifest in your presence here, and most heartily thank you for your patient indulgence.

And now, Brothers of '87: Our companionship as fellow-students is severed. We go from here in as many directions as the spokes radiate from the hub. We can no longer, as a class, enjoy the profits and the pleasures of the lecture-room. Never again will our heroic chorus rend the air between lectures and during those *regretful* hours when a professor is unable to lecture. But in the future every man must stand alone. And besides prosperity and whatever else may be most conducive to your

individual happiness, my wish to you all is that in your efforts and your achievements hereafter you may still improve the standard of '87.

Address at the Commencement Exercises.

BY PROF. ST. CLAIR SMITH.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

BEFORE relieving the growing anxiety of these gentlemen as to the names of the prize men, I desire, as briefly as may be, to say a word in regard to our method of determining the successful candidates.

Our course occupies three years, and it is on the general excellence of the student during that time that our final conclusion is based. At the close of the second year, examinations are held in the junior studies and the successful candidates are then admitted to the higher classes. No student is permitted to enter the graduating class until he has passed all of his junior branches successfully. In addition to the lectures in the junior branches, each student is required to do practical laboratory work. This laboratory work consists of the practical study of the microscope, the preparation and examination of specimens of normal and diseased tissues, and of the various sediments. He is also required to do a certain amount of practical work in chemical laboratory, such as testing for poisons, etc. All this work is done under the personal supervision of the professors in these departments or their assistants. I speak of this, as it is a feature of our college course which, so far as I know, is not adopted by any other medical college in the city. Some of the other colleges have practical laboratory courses, to be sure, but they are optional with the student, and can only be obtained by paying an extra fee, or, in other words, are special courses. With us this work is obligatory and is a part of our regular course of instruction.

We feel that too much importance cannot be attached to this, as it gives the student a knowledge of the practical use of the microscope,

which is so indispensable in the daily work of the physician of the present day.

We have a large corps of instructors, so that every department is thoroughly and minutely taught. We have found that better results are obtained by this method, and we believe that the small faculty is not compatible with thorough instruction in these days of specialties. In almost every department the work is divided among several teachers, as it would be impossible for one man to cover the ground without devoting his whole time to it. For instance, the practice of medicine is divided among five professors, each one of whom confines his teaching to certain diseases. We are thus enabled to give more thorough instruction than one man could give in an endeavor to cover the whole subject. This is equivalent to putting the student under the instruction of specialists in every known disease. We have also added to our corps of instructors gentlemen eminent in such specialties as the eye, the ear, and throat, as these in latter days have become separate branches of the profession. Students are not only required to listen to the lectures of these gentlemen, but are also obliged to pass a satisfactory examination on the subjects. I have felt it necessary to go somewhat into detail, that you may understand the amount of work required of the students. The examinations are held at the close of the Middle and Senior years, and are both written and oral. The marks gained in these two examinations are averaged, and the result determines the standing of the student. The examination papers are carefully gone over by members of the Faculty and marked on a scale which has one hundred for its maximum, and an average of seventy-five in all the branches is required of each student for graduation.

Of course one man is often more proficient in a single study than his associates, and, if special prizes were given, many of these gentlemen might be recognized, but, in the absence of facilities for such a general distribution, we have awarded the prizes to those whose work in all branches secured the highest general average. We have raised the standard of the

examinations so as to avoid giving a diploma to any one in whose general, as well as medical, ability we cannot place entire confidence.

Presentation of Prizes.

BY PROF. ST. CLAIR SMITH.

DR. FITCH—It becomes my very pleasant duty to offer my congratulations, in presenting you with this evidence of your faithful work at the college.

In selecting the tribute which the college makes to successful study, the Faculty have wisely chosen the instrument by which some of our greatest triumphs have been won, and by whose aid the scientific accuracy of our profession has made its greatest advance.

I commend to you its careful study, its constant use; for its incomparable eye has illumined many dark places; has laid bare the greatest of all mysteries—the secrets of life and death.

I trust that in your hands new discoveries may be made, and unknown facts revealed.

But this can only be accomplished by work—work which you have hardly begun. Completed, it can never be; so long as it falls to your lot to relieve the suffering of men—to answer with patient and untiring effort all the calls which the manifold afflictions of the body must make upon your time and thought.

If you will pursue your work with the same diligence, and care, and faithful adherence to duty, which has marked your college course, you will lay down the burden at the end of your professional life, with the same success, and, better still, with the same consciousness of well-doing as that which on this day marks its commencement.

DR. CROOKS—It is always hard to be beaten only by a head (I speak this from the jockey's point of view), but it shows good mettle and raises the presumption that under other circumstances, and in a longer race, the result might have been different.

There is no question of your earnestness, nor of your ability. The Faculty are proud of your standing, and glad to number among the stu-

dents of the college two men whose work so nearly reaches their standard of highest excellence.

Recognizing the small percentage which divides you from the first place, they have chosen the same instrument that has been given to your more successful competitor.

If it is not as large nor as complete as his, remember that it is not the size of the lens, but the clearness of the eye at the end of the tube which determines its usefulness.

If Galileo had waited for the perfected telescope, the world might to-day believe the earth to be flat.

In offering my personal congratulations, I have only one word to say—Be diligent; be faithful. You have tasted the fruit of the tree of knowledge, but remember, that in our profession no man can hope for success without hard work and persistent endeavor.

Seek always to raise the standard of your profession, and advance it by original research, new thought.

Your work is not always easy; your responsibilities are always great.

Remember, that if your labor does not always rear its head into the full glare of the noonday sun, its roots sink deep into the heart-soil of a hundred homes.

You have done well! Let this day be an encouragement to you to continue in well-doing.

AN amateur dramatic entertainment, in aid of the Building Fund of the New York Homœopathic Medical College and Hospital, was held on April 25th at the Navarro Apartment House, Fifty-ninth street, Sixth and Seventh avenues. Three large parlors were filled with an appreciative audience. There was a satisfactory attendance and a neat sum was realized.

IN the acute form of urticaria instantaneous relief may be obtained by the use of a very hot bath followed by the topical application of *Chloral hydrate*, 3 j, mixed with *glycerine*, 3 j, merely smeared over the affected part.—Dr. E. T. Blake, in *Monthly Hom. Review*.

Send-off to '87.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

AFTER such a send-off as has already been given to the graduating class to-night by their friends (and themselves), it would seem that any feature which an underclassman might attempt to add to the occasion would be superfluous. However, at this stage of the proceedings it is customary for the trembling graduates faltering on the brink of their plunge into the great ocean of active practice, to have a Middleman, as it were, push them off, and in so doing, like the announcement man in the circus, to descant more or less at length on their respective merits and demerits, before they finally disappear from view.

It was not without a sense of misgiving that the speaker began his preparation for this occasion, and even now he must confess to a feeling somewhat similar to that of the proverbial cat in the garret. But remembering that, after all, these are but his "sweet brothers by his mother's side," with an endeavor to assume somewhat of that confidence which a younger feels in the presence of his older brothers, he makes his bow and attempts the part assigned him.

For a speaker to begin with an apology, either on behalf of himself or his subject, is not only trite, but, to say the least, in bad form. In the present instance, however, such a beginning becomes unavoidable by an evidently intentional omission on the part of those preceding me, who thought to hide by neglecting to mention the subject. I refer, as you have already guessed, to that very noticeable awkwardness of manner in the gentleman before you, which is only the more apparent because combined with such a consciousness of their dignity. I hope that an indulgent audience will pardon, overlook the fault, for it is only that of the small boy when he dons his first tail coat, and people begin to call him Mister instead of Johnny. The awkwardness will wear away in time, and every man of them will doubtless wear his title with becoming grace.

While here, it would be unfeeling in me to

pass without a word those unfortunates who are not with us to-night, because, forsooth, their tail coats did not fit them—were spoiled in the making. In some, the sleeves were too short, others “sagged down behind,” while still another could not, by any possible exercise of the tailor’s art, be made to fit. But it was all the fault of the tailor. How they besieged his shop before and after hours, how the other boys called them “Martino” for so doing, are matters of history. Let us then wipe away the tear which the memory of their futile efforts calls up, and giving them credit at least for their persistency, go on with the consideration of those who have successfully passed the ordeal, and appear before you to-night as Doctors of Medicine.

Behold them! Possessors of the charm before whose magic spell dread disease will shrink away like the ghost in Hamlet at the approach of dawn! A charm obtained only after climbing mountains of examinations, struggling with torrents of lectures, and vanquishing many a bug-bear quiz. Do you wonder that they have come out of the struggle with minds richly stored with knowledge, and with courage steeled to grapple with the profoundest questions of scientific discussion? It is known that some of them have already carried original investigation into new fields, and have pushed their enquiries to a point never before dreamed of. Indeed, originality of thought is one of the chief distinctions of this remarkable class. One of their number, for instance, has gone so far as positively to assert that the mastoid process of the temporal bone is a “delusion, and a snare, and a hollow mockery,” and never had existence but in the imagination of some flighty anatomist. Another brilliant mind proposes the name of a plant for one of the muscles of mastication, while a third, in asking “whether single-tube microscopes are as good as bivalve ones,” has propounded a question in differential diagnosis which is not only unique in its originality, but startling in the boldness of its conception. “A very shell-fish question,” says the literary man of the class, “and opening up half a dozen roars of b’oysterous applause among his admirers.”

But though a class of earnest students—serious, sober, sedate grinders, regular “grave-diggers,” in fact—yet it is not upon this alone that their claim to distinction rests. The symmetry of the class as a whole is one of its greatest charms; the uniform gradations in breadth and depth, from the ample and wise Bleecker, lover of peanuts, down to silent unobtrusive Miller, whom you would think afraid to say his soul’s his own, did you not know him.

The attractions of the class are no less remarkable than their acquirements, and there is more truth than fiction in that remark by one of the gentler sex when speaking of Jenkins’ elegant figure, that, though lacking entirely in the ability which we all know him to possess, he could yet travel on his shape alone and be assured at once of a most lucrative practice. Dr. Jenkins is the President of the class, you know; class poet, etc. Further, there is no doubt whatever that for Stewart there exists a priceless treasure in his shiny, polished pate, destined ever to act as a luminous and successful lighthouse, and making his life one continual realization of his boyhood’s fondest dreams about what he will do “when his ship comes in.” Witness too, the already brilliant success of that devotee of Diana’s sport, the “Chase,” with the sex and all its attendants and imitations, from real flesh and blood down to a papier maché lay figure in the college lecture-room.

And at this point it may not be amiss for me to say, in a stage whisper, so to speak, that there yet remain in the class several men who are unmarried and even unengaged, and that though I have not been commissioned to set up an “Auction Extraordinary” for their disposal, yet I can confidently advise any young lady present, who may be in search of a young and penniless physician with good prospects, that she can not do better than to select a husband from this famous Class of ’87. But this merely in passing.

There are other bright men in this wonderful class—men who know the value of thorough scientific training, and yet who realize how vain

is knowledge without an appearance of experience, and wisdom without the indicia thereof. Mindful of the fate of the two beardless, though able students who were refused admittance by the patient who "did n't want no boys to tend to her case," they have cultivated the beard of the student-hermit, and the countenance which should be "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought." But waste not your sympathy upon them. The beard is but the result of using their razors to open jack-pots, and their faces are "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of the dice." But the effect is good, as you see, and the poor patients will be none the wiser.

By what strange perversity of nature it happens that in the most carefully nurtured families black sheep will be found can no more be explained than the fact that it is always the deacon or superintendent of the Sunday-school who runs away with the funds. So an explanation I will not attempt, but merely mention that it is more than hinted that these men have "Crooks" among them.

And jolly lads, too, are some of them. Often have they met, like their knightly ancestors with hands embrued with gore, at Arthur's Round Table and told their merry jest or tale of blood, while jokes from Jersey and gags from Gotham alternated with blood-curdling songs of godless glee and "psalms and hymns and spiritual songs" led by the goodly Dr. Watts. And if their loving cups were human skulls, and their beverage blood-red wine, who shall say that the operation was not strictly in the line of their duty and that they were not, by hardening their sensibilities, learning to subdue their nerves and getting into trim to exercise their calling with that cruelty which is only kindness in disguise?

(I have learned since writing the above that the "blood-red wine" was only "Adams'" ale.)

For the following pen picture of the Class of '87 I am indebted to Frank Dreyer's "Reminiscences" as they will appear in a future number of THE CHIRONIAN. He says: "As we ascend the long stairs on our way to the amphitheatre we suddenly stop, our hair stands on end, and we are riveted with terror to the spot, for a noise assails our ears which it is beyond the power of

words to describe. Combine the yells of all the savages in Buffalo Bill's Wild West with the din of a Chinese band and the maniac howls of a troop of African hyenas, and you have but its faintest semblance. As we gain courage to approach the source of all this confusion what a scene meets our gaze! It is the Class of '87, but alas, how changed! What of the once grave and revered Seniors? What of their dignified and philosophical demeanor? All for the time is laid aside, and with a facility unaccountable every man of them has transformed himself into a dancing, howling Dervish, while each individual head has become a target for his neighbor's cushion. The floor is covered with triturated lamp-shades and the air filled with potentized dust and the smoke of the deadly cigarette, while seated cross-legged on the professor's table, like Gabriel Grub's goblins on a gravestone, sit the Senior quartette and lend their voices to the general uproar. Suddenly, in the midst of the smoke and din of battle, the face of the Dean appears, and when order has been in a measure restored, Fitch endeavors to explain that this is not 'rowdyism,' but merely an erratic manifestation of genius."

Finally, ladies and gentlemen, let me call your attention to that unique product of the century, Dr. Benedix, German to his heart's core, and English only with the greatest difficulty; and in passing my encomiums upon him, let me sum up the list of his accomplishments by repeating a story, said to have been first told about one of the Doctor's own patients. It was the occasion of a send-off, the only one that Hans Spiegel had ever attended, and that happened to be his own funeral. The mourners had all assembled around the grave, but there was no German band to play a funeral dirge, nor minister to perform the last sad rites. All stand about for some time in silence. Finally one gray-haired old man, thinking that some word of respect ought to be said for the departed, turned to his neighbor and remarked, "Vell, he vas a great schmoker."

For this class, we middlemen, who have been watching them so long, predict a great and glorious future. In fancy I can see one stand-

ing by the couch of his fashionable patient, who suffers only from repletion of food and lack of exercise, gravely advising her that the starch in her stomach is gradually turning by the chyle into cane sugar, and that into sugar cane. Hence the trade winds. Or another philosopher profoundly urging exercise of the orbicularis oris muscle for a fit of the hypos. We shall greatly miss them, I trow, but we can only keep saying to ourselves that our gain is the community's loss, and girding up whatever loins we may happen to have with us, struggle with increased zeal to take, if not to fill, the place left vacant by them. Bear with me a moment, while I turn to them as they sit, waiting only my little capstone to complete the temple they have reared through three years of patient toil.

GENTLEMEN—For you the day of preparation has passed; the day of trial is at hand. Hitherto your friends could only promise for you; now you are called upon to fulfill. Yours is a noble destiny! To lessen the suffering of the world! To increase the sum of human happiness! To smooth the path to the grave as you have made safe that to the cradle! I congratulate you. I, a raw recruit, look with pride upon your disciplined ranks. Here you have been under the direction of well-chosen leaders; hereafter you will be the captains of your own salvation. Quit yourselves like men. Above all, stand fast in the faith. But, while never ashamed of the school to which you belong, while ever ready to defend its teachings, yet let it be your aim to be physicians in the broad sense of the term, and not homœopathic cranks. Let it never be said of any of you that he wears his hair long, and poses as the only living follower in the footsteps of the "Great Master." Then a word of worldly wisdom: Don't open an office on a side street and display your shingle on the woodshed door.

And now the time has come for us to part. For the college I can say, and that truly, we regret your going. For the Class of '88:

"One only sadness you've bequeathed, the sorrow of your leaving us.
Farewell! Farewell!"

Prognosis.

"MANY are the wonderful things, and naught is more wonderful than man. He even sails beyond the sea, and the supreme of divinities immortal. 'Undecaying Earth' he furrows. And he hath taught himself language and lofty wisdom. Death alone he hath not vanquished. Yet hath he devised remedies against baffling disease."

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—I am called upon to-night to perform an impossibility, to foretell the future of human lives, of wonderful men—*most wonderful doctors*—who have even devised remedies against baffling disease.

I must open a book sealed from the foundation of the world, and read from its pages that of which prophets have dreamed, poets have sung, witches have crooned, and all men have in vain desired to know—the future.

The seers are dead, the oracle at Delphi is cast down, the unknown can no longer be read in the quivering entrails of birds, nor in the face of the starry sky.

This is an age of skeptics and of critics.

People to-day will not even believe that a doctor is infallible. How, then, will you believe my prophecy, or listen with credulity to my prophetic auguries? But I cannot be silent. Even before entering to any extent upon the active duties of a medical man's life, I am asked by fifty importunate associates to give my professional opinion in regard to their case, and to do this publicly.

My patients (my patient fellow-classmates), some anxious, some hopeful, sensitive friends, curious neighbors and expectant sweethearts, all alike warn me that I must be guarded in my prognosis. Like the photographer, I must paint a picture that shall be recognized. Like him, also, I must please my subjects and satisfy their many friends. The rock of displeasure is on the one hand, and the gulf of falsehood upon the other.

As you, my classmates, are most directly concerned, you must fortify yourselves, that you may not be too greatly depressed by an unfavorable opinion, nor too much elated by a favor-

able one. Remember that—true to our principle—great joy may kill as well as cure, and if too large a dose is presented you to-night in the shape of dazzling prospects, bottle up the excess for future use, or share it now with your sympathetic friends. But if, on the other hand, you are inclined to dispute the opinion of your associate, as doctors sometimes do, I only ask for myself that degree of leniency which we all of us hope to receive in the early part of our professional careers.

Three years ago we launched our barks together on the broad stream of a medical education. Our captain and our pilots had sailed the same course, and coming back from the outer sea, they furnished us with chart and compass and ample canvas and guiding rudders to help us in turn to clear the shallows and round the points, and at last (not least) to stem the tide of final examinations, that we, too, might venture our fortunes, as now we do, upon the unlimited expanse of practical medical work.

Our captain and our pilots well can judge of our sailing qualities; they know that we have learned to obey the helm and to make progress against wind and tide, but they do not know us as we know each other. They have sailed in advance in their pilot boats, and the captain—commodore, rather, I should say—has been the commander of a fleet, not of individual vessels. We have sailed side by side, and, like the “builder of the ship,” we know

“Each mast and sail and rope.

What anvils rang! what hammers beat!

In what a forge, and what a heat,

Were shaped the anchors of our hope!”

Side by side upon the same hard benches (we hope they will not be so hard a few years hence), night by night, not on smooth waters under the mellow light of the crescent moon, but “tossing, restless,” under the uncertain light of “midnight kerosene,” we have learned the same lessons, dreamed the same troubled dreams of skeletons and ghosts, and so have come to know each other something as we know ourselves.

Our respected professors can tell how heavily we have freighted our vessels with medical lore

and how deeply they sink to mark the water line, but they do not know all, and wisely it is decreed that in this public manner a fellow-classmate shall predict the future of his peers.

In order to make a prognosis as nearly scientific as possible, it is necessary in many cases that both the recent and the previous history of the individual shall be known, and, in addition to this, something of the family history.

From all of these facts, coupled with the knowledge of subtle processes and the meaning of certain symptoms and signs, we would make out our diagnosis, and from this we would base our judgment as to the probable course and termination of existing conditions; in other words, we would make out our *prognosis*.

Of course, it is not expected that I shall enter into the reasons for my opinions, and probably it is better that I should select a few out of many interesting cases, some of which may be taken as types.

There are, doubtless, some in the class who are destined to enjoy a large practice, and a larger popularity, on account of their good looks, and if, in addition to this, the doctor is *poetically* inclined, and has proved himself to possess good *presiding* qualities, perhaps has been president of a college class, or it may be of such a society as the Hahnemannian, we can but prophesy a successful career. We do not need to mention names in this connection.

There are others in our class who, though not necessarily handsome, will yet rapidly force their way to the top round of a lucrative practice by certain attractive ways, society pulls, and long-headed schemes.

They have an abundance of what Professor Helmuth would call “Silicia,” though geologists might call it a “heterogeneous non-conglomerate aggregation of mineral and earthy particles.” Common people call it “sand.” One such, whose name I forbear to mention, reminds us of some lines which we learned in earlier days:

“I never saw a sprightly fair

That was not dear to me;

And freely I my heart could share

With every one I see.

"It is not this or that alone
On whom my choice would fall;
I do not more incline to one
Than I incline to all.

"The circle's bounding line are they,
Its centre is my heart;
My ready love, the equal ray,
That flows to every part."

There is a song, too, that occurs to us now,
the refrain of which is as follows:

"To chase dull care away."

Why this line should present itself so prominently in this connection, the initiated can readily surmise.

There is another type in the class represented by one whose name is a guarantee of business if not of professional attainment, though we do not deny the possession of both. With him of noble Stewart blood there is no such thing as financial failure. Already the "yellow-covered book" is on our table, and we are enchanted with views of the Schuylkill, and the Ridgewood Sanatorium. The "City of Brotherly Love" is also conveniently near, and its name is strikingly suggestive and ominous for the future.

There are other men in the class who are bound to be prominent in the profession. Among these Dr. Bowen is especially conspicuous, and we are daily looking for the first edition of his great prospective work on "Stimulants; or, What our Professors Do n't Know."

More unique and more intimate than the union of the Siamese twins is that of the "Trio," "Triplets," or "Three Graces" of our class. We cannot conceive that this combination will be broken, and as in future years we ride down Madison avenue or other avenues of the great metropolis we will look curiously for the signs of the Doctors Minton, Montgomery and Helmuth.

While we are in the city also we shall look for Dr. Crooks, and failing to find him at Tony Pastor's or at Wallack's we will call at Pach's the photographer's. A more profound passion for art than that manifested by our Committee on Group Pictures we never hope to see again, nor can we imagine Drs. Crooks and Watts entirely divorced from their favorite pastime of consulting almanacs and appointing rainy days

for the taking of group pictures. We therefore prophesy for each of these gentlemen a brilliant professional career, provided too much attention is not paid to extraneous concerns.

There are others of our class, too, who are liable to be turned aside from the chosen pathway by side issues—Bucklyn by the charms of silver-tongued oratory, Bigelow by the attractions of the elevated railroad, Dudman by his Pulsatilla disposition. For Adams, Ward and Kellogg music will have charms; Johnson, Russell, Jacobus, Schuman, Smith and others who have labored to make our CHIRONIAN a worthy representative of a medical college and its interests will doubtless still feel an itching of the palm to seize the editorial quill or gently to remind delinquent subscribers that it takes money as well as brains to run a medical journal.

Nelden will still be known by an elevated coat collar, and will probably be the unsuspecting cause of a new slang phrase. Bleecker bids fair to continue as happy, hearty and heavy as ever, and will soon be quoting the words of the aged college alumnus, who, at the reunion of his Alma Mater, proud of his silvered locks and the treasured wisdom of years, said, "Better to be gray than green."

We have brought but few figures into prominent relief in the picture we have endeavored to paint of the future of the Class of '87. We do not claim to have outlined all even of the more striking figures in the clear light and bold relief which the subjects and the occasion might warrant, and there are doubtless many standing now dimly in the background whom the sunlight and the shadows and the manifold reactions of life will in the future outline and develop into strong and influential characters.

But, gentlemen and classmates, no words of mine can hinder you from making your futures, within certain limits, what you will. In health, as in disease, the prognosis is conditioned not absolute. I must tell you, as you will tell your patients, that your prospects depend largely upon how you take care of yourselves, and you will forgive me, I know, if I say that there must be in this, as in other classes, those who must watch themselves something as the careful

physician watches the rise and fall of uncertain life forces, lest the rising surge of unrestrained desire dash their hopes and those of the friends who now so heartily rejoice with them upon the melancholy reef of dissipated lives.

Let us prove all such prophecy untrue, and go forth to our chosen work with the same hearty interest in all humanity as that which we have so often of late expressed as classmates with reference to one another.

I can find no more fitting words to express the sentiment just now uppermost in my mind than the language of the poet :

"Man is his own star, and the soul that can
Render an honest and a perfect man
Commands all light, all influence, all fate,
Nothing for him falls early or too late—
Our acts, our angels are, or good or ill
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still."

THE following, sent by the President of the Homœopathic Society of the State of Ohio, speaks for itself :

TOLEDO, O., April 6, 1887.

THE CHIRONIAN, N. Y. City :

GENTLEMEN—Enclosed you will find one and fifty one-hundredths dollars. Please credit.

Will ye editors accept an invitation to be present at the 23d annual meeting of the Homœopathic Medical Society of the State of Ohio? The meeting will be held at Cleveland on May 10th and 11th. I would be pleased to give THE CHIRONIAN a hearty welcome there; also as many of our alumni as will attend. Fraternally,

ALBERT CLAYPOOL, '75.

THE opening article of the April *Century* is also the beginning of the series of papers on English Cathedrals, the introduction to which was printed in the March number—the text being by Mrs. M. G. van Rensselaer and the illustrations by Joseph Pennell. Upon this work Mr. Pennell has been engaged for many months, and the illustrations printed in this article on the "Mother Church of England," as Mrs. van Rensselaer characterizes Canterbury, show a union of architectural faithfulness and picturesque interest unusual in drawings of such subjects.

The Alumni Banquet.

THE Alumni Association met at Delmonico's, Fifth avenue, on Thursday evening, following the closing exercises of the college term, which took place at Chickering Hall on 14th ult. Prior to the banquet, which takes place annually, a business session of the society was held, with President G. S. Norton in the chair. The object of this meeting was for the arrangement of a definite method for the future election of officers, and for the election of officers for the ensuing year. The candidates were balloted for, with the following results. Elected :

President,

F. B. MANDEVILLE, M.D., Newark, N. J.

First Vice-President,

J. L. KEEP, M.D., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Second Vice-President,

P. H. MASON, M.D., Peekskill, N. Y.

Third Vice-President,

L. P. JONES, M.D., Greenwich, Ct.

Corresponding Secretary,

S. H. VEHS�AGE, M.D.

Recording Secretary,

CHAS. McDOWELL, M.D., N. Y. City.

Treasurer,

EUGENE H. PORTER, M.D., N. Y. City.

Necrologist,

MARTIN DESCHERE, M.D.

Chairman Executive Committee,

A. B. NORTON, M.D.,
N. Y. City.

W. W. BLACKMAN, M.D.,
Brooklyn N. Y.

S. W. CLARK, M.D.,
Jersey City, N. J.

E. J. PRATT, M.D.,
N. Y. City.

G. E. TYTLER, M.D.,
N. Y. City.

Eighty-two votes were cast. Meeting adjourned. At ten o'clock about two hundred and fifty members sat down to dinner in the large hall. During the progress of the meal, delightful strains of music welled forth from the gallery above, and this was interspersed with songs by the college quartette, composed of Drs. Adams, Ward, Kellogg, '87, and Platt, '88.

Dr. Norton, retiring president of the asso-

ciation, introduced Prof. Seldon H. Talcott, of Middletown, New York, as toastmaster of the evening. Professor Talcott, being well known as a spicy and witty speaker, was greeted with applause. The first toast of the evening was drunk standing, and in silence, to the memory of "The Immortal Hahnemann."

Dr. Fisk was next called to respond to "The Alumni." Elihu Root, Esq., next responded to "The Law." In the course of his remarks he observed that he had addressed many audiences, political and otherwise, but thought if his memory served him correctly, this was the first occasion upon which he had been called upon to address one composed entirely of "*healers*." The Rev. Dr. McArthur responded in a most interesting and logical manner to "Theology." Prof. T. F. Allen was next introduced in behalf of the college. He spoke at considerable length of the needs of the college, its history, and its future. His remarks stirred up considerable enthusiasm among his auditors, as was shown later by the many liberal subscriptions to the new college and hospital fund. He spoke of our college as compared with those of the old school in this city in the methods of teaching, etc.; the crowning difference being that we require an entrance examination, and, following the Faculty examinations, require another before a board of censors, who have no connection whatever with the college or its Faculty, and who have the power to reject candidates for graduation, even though they may have passed the highest possible average in the regular Faculty examinations. This system deprives us of a large number of students who go elsewhere, but it at the same time raises the standard of our college course pre-eminently above that of our competitors, who seemed, until quite recently, to feign entire ignorance of even the existence of such a system among us, and which system they now seek to introduce into their own halls. By the rules now in force among us, there is no such thing as the Faculty, or any member of it, growing fat upon the student, as the Faculty get nothing in the way of salary for their labors. This marks another grave difference between ours and other medical institu-

tions of this city, etc., etc. The Hon. R. P. Flower, Treasurer of the college, was next introduced. He paid a glowing tribute to Professor Allen's ability to "heal the sick" with his "little No. 6's." He also spoke warmly of the college fund, and promised it his support. The building was shaken by the applause which greeted the next speaker, Prof. W. T. Helmuth, who read a very beautiful poem upon "Past Recollections." Prof. J. W. Dowling next responded to a toast to "The Boys," and he did it to the full satisfaction of the boys, who have the highest possible regard for the professor. Dr. Fulton spoke of "The Ladies" very prettily indeed. Professor Dowling again arose to respond to the alumni of the Hahnemannian of Philadelphia, his *alma mater*. He spoke of its new college building, its cost, etc., and said that since its erection the number of students had doubled in that institution, going from about forty to about eighty. Dr. Stilwell spoke of '87, and received a tremendous round of applause from his class, etc.; his remarks were highly appropriate. Dr. Norton, ex-President, made the announcement that the subscription of the evening had amounted to \$8,373, and spoke assuringly of the new college, which, under the new charter, will read: "New York Homœopathic Medical College and Hospital." The new president of the association, Dr. Mandeville, addressed the society for a few moments, following which, Professor Talcott, who had contributed so much to the enjoyment of the occasion, and had proved himself worthy the name of toastmaster in the fullest sense of the word, closed the exercises, which had been highly enjoyable to all. S.

Our College Commencement.

BY three o'clock on Thursday, the 14th inst., Chickering Hall was filled with the friends of homœopathy who had gathered there to witness the graduation of the forty-six successful candidates out of a class of fifty-three which made up the Class of 1887 a few weeks ago. The Faculty fire thinned out the ranks and gathered from its files those who either from misfortune or lack of wisdom found them-

selves incapable of climbing to the seventy-five per cent. mark at the grand summing up of their merits, so that the boys who marched up and took the parchment on Thursday may truly be called "picked men." The look of doubt and concern had left their faces, and if we except a slight awkwardness and timidity in action, probably due, and naturally too, to the large audience of ladies present, they presented quite a festive appearance after their hard struggle.

Many very beautiful floral designs were arranged about the front of the stage, placed there by friends of favorite graduates. Upon the stage sat the members of the Faculty and many distinguished persons who were there by invitation. Prof. T. F. Allen, A.M., M.D., L.L.D., Dean of Faculty, delivered the introductory address, he was introduced by the Honorable Salem H. Wales, President of the Board of Trustees, who, following Professor Allen's address; conferred the degrees. Prof. St. Clair Smith, M.D., President of the Faculty, presented the prizes as follows:

E. D. FITCH, Worcester, Mass., First Faculty Prize.

JAMES CROOKS, JR., Paterson, N. J., Second Faculty Prize.

Honorable mention was awarded to Drs. B. W. Stilwell, LL.B., J. J. Russell, W. W. Johnson, S. I. Jacobus, and R. P. Fay.

The Hon. Salem H. Wales prize was then presented by William Tod Helmuth, M.D., to F. W. Hamlin of the Class of '88 for highest average in junior and middle branches. Those of the Middle Class who secured honorable mention were: E. S. Smith, W. H. Sawyer, T. C. Wiggins, C. A. Gwynn, and D. H. McGraw.

A very able valedictory was delivered by George B. Best.

The Faculty prizes consisted of two very fine microscopes, one of them valued at \$100 and the other at \$50. The "Wales" prize was a Helmuth pocket-case of surgical instruments, valued at \$25. Neyer's orchestra furnished the music in a very creditable manner for the occasion.

Below are the names of the graduating class:

GRADUATING CLASS, '87.

Marshall Jewell Adams,	New Haven, Conn.
Daniel Huston Arthur, A.B.,	Springfield, Ohio.
Robert Benedix,	New York City.
Abram Winfred Bergen,	Brooklyn, N. Y.
George Bethune Best,	Chatham, N. Y.
Frank Alfred Bigelow,	New York City.
William H. Bleecker,	New York City.
George Ralph Bowen,	San Antonio, Texas.
John Knight Bucklyn, Jr.,	Mystic Bridge, Ct.
Charles T. Burtis,	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Henry L. Carr,	Paterson, N. J.
James Oscar Chase,	St. Albans, Vt.
James Crooks, Jr.,	Paterson, N. J.
George Bradford Dudmam,	Yarmouth, Nova Scotia.
Russell P. Fay,	Burlington, N. Y.
Edward D. Fitch,	Worcester, Mass.
John Walker Gill,	Flushing, L. I.
William Tod Helmuth, Jr.,	New York City.
Neidhard H. Houghton,	Boston, Mass.
Samuel Ingham Jacobus,	White Plains, N. Y.
Ralph Jenkins,	Newburgh, N. Y.
Walter Wodell Johnson,	North Cohocton, N. Y.
Daniel Lloyd Jones,	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Francis B. Kellogg, M.D.,	New Haven, Conn.
Mortimer A. Lewis,	Plantville, Conn.
Henry Brewster Minton,	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Frank L. Montgomery, Jr.,	New York City.
Charles W. Müller,	New York City.
Arthur Lynn Nelden,	Jersey City, N. J.
William R. Nevin,	Jersey City, N. J.
Henry Frederick Nichols,	Hoboken, N. J.
Edward M. Olmstead,	New York City.
Joseph O. Reed,	Auburn, N. Y.
John Jarvis Russell,	Johnstown, N. Y.
Carl Schumann,	New York City.
George M. Smith,	New York City.
Charles F. Snyder,	Jersey City, N. J.
A. Cecil Stewart,	Reading, Pa.
Benjamin Watson Stilwell, LL.B.,	New York City.
Alfred Irving Thayer, A.B.,	Haverhill, Mass.
Irving Townsend,	La Grangeville, N. Y.
William Henry VanDenburg,	Waterloo, N. Y.
Charles Austin Ward,	Holland Patent, N. Y.
Frank Crane Woodruff,	Boonton, N. J.
Pliny Rand Watts,	Monson, Mass.
Banks F. Young,	Syracuse, N. Y.

DR. ALTON G. WARNER, '83, resigns his position as House Surgeon to the New York Ophthalmic Hospital May 1st, and will remove to 113 Henry street, Brooklyn. Dr. Warner will be succeeded by Dr. Chas. H. Helfrich, '84.

Farewell.

AS the Winter, old and feeble, dies in giving birth to Spring,
Latent buds begin to blossom and the woodland thrushes sing.

Thro' the ground, ere scarce the snow leaves, upward comes a lovely flower ;
Time goes on, it grows, and budding, blossoms into Virgin's-Bower.

Nature smiles and beams with sunshine, all the world proclaims its joy ;
But my golden cup of gladness dims and blackens with alloy ;

For the balmy air, which wraps me in its soft and dreamy spell,
Cannot shield me from the sorrow centred in one word—farewell !

Farewell—can it be that never shall again in conclave sit,
'87 on those benches with its fund of mirth and wit ?

Shall we never hear of glittering generalities again,
Or about the bean-shaped organ, or have lectures on the brain ?

Shall we never hear of habits with regard to stimulants,
And the method of preparing tinctures from the growing plants ?

Will the dean no longer chide us for our cushion-throwing feats,
Or, with kind advice, prepare us for the troubles that one meets ?

And the quiz, that former bugbear, has it, too, sunk out of sight ?
Shall we never more be called on to define a leucocyte ?

Shall we never have to mention all we know about the plan
Of applying to a fractured leg the splint of Dupuytren ?

Then no wonder that a sudden sadness o'er my spirit falls,
At the parting from my classmates and the dear old college halls.

Yes, farewell, you dear old chambers, with the seats piled tier on tier !
Where the Class of '87 first announced their college cheer ;

Where the broken western window let the wind come whistling through,
Till our protoplasm freezing, turned our hands and noses blue.

Ah ! when I become gray bearded, and my bald pate brightly shines,
I will still live o'er, in fancy, all my student days and times.

So, farewell to '87, with its struggles just begun !
May it meet thro' many long years yet, without a missing one !

May its triumphs be companions, may its failures strangers be ;
May it ever meet as brothers throughout all eternity !

See !—e'en now the setting sunbeams thro' the windows shed their light,
All their rosy glory giving promise of a dawning bright ;

Of a dawning where no storm clouds shadow sky, or earth, or sea—
Bright and golden gleams the future school of Homœopathy.

F. LIVINGSTON MONTGOMERY, JR., '87.

Response to Toast "Class '87."

MR. TOASTMASTER and Gentlemen of the Association: It was with great reluctance that I accepted the response to this toast, but if I had thought for one moment that I should be thus ruthlessly torn from my comrades, and seated upon this platform in the revered and awe-inspiring presence, I would positively have declined. As it is, I proceed with fear and trembling. In accordance with the custom at our college, and in fulfillment of one of the many statements of the Annual Announcement, which reads that each student in his senior year is to personally attend to obstetrical cases, I was assigned, some time since, in anticipation of a confinement, to a case of this kind.

The address of the lady who was in this most interesting condition was given as the northeast corner of Twenty-third street and Third avenue, fourth and fifth floors.

She was a perennial, so to speak, having been in labor regularly every spring for the last twenty-six years, and you all recognize your Alma Mater.

Professor Helmuth had early diagnosed the case and invited the students to practice ballottement, which invitation had been eagerly accepted and profited by, the rebound of the ball being distinctly felt. This practice took place at the Manhattan Athletic Grounds.

Later in the term, when the question of an examination by some of our professors in the special branches, to see whether the foetus was alive or not, was mooted, it was deemed to be unnecessary, as vigorous kicks could be plainly noticed by the close observer. The pregnancy progressed favorably enough, in spite of the poor ventilation of the apartments occupied, and due no doubt to the vast number of remedies administered by the family physicians, and the time for confinement arrived. The pains came on rapidly, and upon examination it was found to be a brow presentation, although it was at first feared that the cheek was to be the presenting part.

With skillful treatment and manipulation the labor was safely terminated, the cord was tied,

and, with a healthy yell, that sounded like "similia," the child, which had been named while in utero "'87," began its independent existence, and I will invite your attention for one moment to the infant.

It is a male child of good size and development, the circulation is excellent, and it has within itself the personification of the "three graces." Its "head" is large and full (or soon will be), and gives promise of future intelligence.

It sleeps a good deal and is Best when asleep. The only deformity noticeable is a little Crook in one member (I refer to Jimmie). In all other respects the nurse says the child is simply perfect, and, when interrogated to-night as to its condition, said "Still-well."

And now, if I may be pardoned for digressing for one moment, I would like to say a word to the Class of '87.

I, for one, have looked forward with a great deal of anticipation and longing for the time to arrive when I should receive my roll of parchment, with the title it conveys, and the privileges and responsibilities it implies, and, feeling myself a free man, become actively engaged in the battle of life; but now that the moment has arrived, there mingles with the anticipated pleasure many a pang at the thought of leaving familiar scenes and places that have known us, but shall know us no more, and of the rupturing of the ties that have bound us so pleasantly together as a class, and the inevitable separation and scattering, never to meet again as we meet to-night with such full ranks.

Let us all, then, resolve that, wherever we go, or in whatever direction duty may call us, to maintain the dignity of '87 and of our Alma Mater. May she never have cause to blush for one of us. Let us be honest, faithful, true and clean gentlemen first, doctors next, and physicians last.

It has been said that experience is the light in the stern of the ship, that illumines the wake but fails to reveal the dangers ahead. Let us endeavor to profit by the experience of those who have preceded us, and as each man stands at the helm, with his eyes steadily fixed upon the

twin stars, Hope and Virtue, my wish is, may the fair winds of prosperity and happiness swell the sails of each individual craft, and, having avoided all rocks and shoals, may you sail smoothly and safely at sun-down within the Golden Gate.

And now, gentlemen, one and all, the child is born, and bids fair to live and thrive, and be of use in the world, thus proving its right to a place upon this footstool. And I ask you to drink to its health, prosperity and usefulness.

Hahnemannian Exercises.

THE fifteenth annual exercises of the Hahnemannian Society were held at Association Hall, Fourth avenue and Twenty-third street, on Wednesday evening, April 13th. A very large audience was assembled to listen to the following programme :

PROGRAMME.

1. "We Meet Again," . . . College Song
QUARTETTE.
2. Annual Address, . . . By the President
3. Duet, . . . Selected
F. B. KELLOGG and C. N. PLATT.
4. Class Boem, . . . RALPH JENKINS
5. Music, . . . By the Quartette
6. Prognosis, . . . A. I. THAYER
7. Violin Solo, "Cavatina," . . . Raff
F. B. KELLOGG.
8. Annual Address to the Society,
Prof. THOMAS S. HASTINGS, D.D.
9. Music, . . . By the Quartette
10. "Send Off" to '87, . . . J. M. WOODRUFF, '88
11. Baritone Solo, "Out in the Deep," . . . Loehs
C. N. PLATT.
12. Conferring of Diplomas, . . . By the President
13. Presentation of Prize for Best Report of Professor
Doughty's Clinic.
14. Music, . . . By the Quartette

Presentation of Prize for Best Report of Cases Treated during the Term, by Professor Deschere.

Professor Doughty's prize was conferred upon Carl Schumann. It consisted of a very handsome case of instruments (urethral.)

Professor Deschere's prize (two volumes Lilienthal's Therapeutics) were awarded to Messrs. J. J. Russell and Jas. Crooks.

The music by the quartette was especially

well rendered and the singers were frequently recalled. They were Messrs. M. J. Adams, F. B. Kellogg, C. A. Ward and C. N. Platt.

Professor Hastings's address was intensely interesting and was listened to with very marked attention by all present. He portrayed very beautifully character and culture, saying that the first he would place in man first and last as being of greatest importance and would if possible run the latter throughout the whole; he then spoke of talent and defined the difference between it and the two former saying that we locked up annually more talent in our State prisons than all the old European monarchies combined contain. His remarks to the Graduating Class, if remembered, as they probably will be, cannot but be of great profit to them individually or as a class. Many former graduates were present and the entertainment was pronounced a grand success.

NEW YORK, April 20, 1887.

Messrs. Editors :

I NOTICED in your last number that the compositor or paster had left out part of my article in regard to the diagnosis of scrotal tumors. In the first paragraph it reads : "One would not care to pass a trocar into a hernia, etc.; *neither would "one mass."* What should have followed I will now write you : One would not care to pass a trocar, etc.," neither would one like to mistake in public a solid tumor for a hydrocele, and attempt to draw off the water, or vice versâ, and attempt castration.

Tumors of the scrotum are in general reducible and irreducible. Reducible tumors are principally hernia, congenital hydrocele, diffuse hydrocele of the cord, and varicocele. In hernia, we have the tumor coming from above downward, the cough impulse and the tumor reduces in "*one mass.*"

If you will do me the favor to insert this, you will oblige

Yours very truly,

S. H. KNIGHT, M.D.,

Helmuth House.

Meeting of Class of '82.

SOME time during February last, each member of the Class of '82 received from their classmate, Dr. W. S. Putney, a note suggesting a reunion of the class, after a separation of five years, and asking the co-operation of each member of the class to make this reunion a success in every way. A short time after this we again heard from Dr. Putney. This time came the cheering news that the reunion was to be, and giving the names and addresses of those who had signified their intention to be one of the reunited class.

The time of meeting was fixed at noon of commencement day, April 14th. Accordingly, at twelve o'clock of the day appointed, the boys began to assemble in the "*Library*" (a new feature since our day), and, as one by one the familiar faces appeared at the door, they were greeted with cheers as of yore, and the cordial hand-clasps and hearty greetings that ensued warmed the heart and quickened the pulse of every one of that happy group. For, they were the same boys as of five years ago; a little older; some changed in physique as well as in physiognomy; faces a little more sober, a few lines of care; a little more dignity, perhaps, but the same old boys of '82; and we tried for a time to think we were still boys, notwithstanding that many times we have felt that we were no longer classed among the new recruits, but were almost veterans, having now stood a campaign of five years' hard fighting. After a pleasant and little prolonged series of greetings, the class was called to order by Dr. O. H. Babbitt, of Cooperstown, N. Y., the President of the Class of '82, and the following programme proceeded with:

Address by the President, Dr. O. H. Babbitt.
Election of officers.

This resulted in the election of Dr. W. S. Putney, of Milford, Conn., for President, and Dr. D. H. Riggs, of Washington, D. C., for Secretary.

These officers hold their positions for five years, when the next reunion of the class will take place; the class having decided to

have a reunion every five years as long as there are two members to meet.

Reading by the Secretary of letters received from absent members. Among these was one from M. H. Angell, of Stamfordville, N. Y.; from J. Lo Daniels, of New York City; A. G. Downer, of Princeton, Ill.; E. S. Hayward, Rochester, N. Y.; H. R. Holman, Sioux City, Iowa; F. G. Ritchie, Worcester, Mass., and George Royal, Des Moines, Iowa.

Had we the space how gladly would we publish each of the letters read, that they might cheer the hearts of those who would thus have the privilege of reading them as they did those who had the pleasure of hearing them read in the old college halls. But while we cannot publish all, yet we cannot refrain from including in this account the letter from H. R. Holman, of Sioux City, Iowa.

TO THE ALUMNI OF EIGHTY-TWO.

I fain would greet my classmates and renew
The varied scenes we all passed through;
Relate each failure and success since Eighty-two,
When we as Medicos our lives begun.
I reach across the chasm—just five years wide—
And shake your hands with honest pride;
To each Alumnus of our brainy crew
I'd say, I'm well, and very busy too;
Would like to ask—and take your word for proof—
Have you e'er found McDonald's pelvic roof?
Or put the Burdick value, through reflection,
On the wonders shown in man's conception?
Does "distance lend enchantment to the view"
When you look Lilienthal and Allen through?
Is kind old Bradford still in "memory green"?
Do St. Clair Smith's quaint stories chestnuts seem?
Or at the bedside of some infant dear,
Do you e'er think of faithful M. Deschere?
I know how Helmuth lives in every student heart,
And there enshrined, in all our life he forms a part;
How every word he spoke, and every act of his,
Is well remembered through his faithful quiz.
How he did drill young Vail in different diagnosis,
With questions on the various kinds of "mosis."
And with what pitying looks he roasted Myers,
Whose brain seemed scorched with allopathic fires.
He ne'er forgot that he was once a boy,
And so excused the wildness of our joy;
And overlooked our often jocose roughing,
When we from cushions kicked the very stuffing.
Let's not forget a kindly word for Frank,
Who covered up full many a boyish prank,

And screened our lapses from the vengeful eye,
 Or plead in vain that we our manners try.
 Good-bye to pleasant school-days and their strife,
 But keep the classmates banded all through life;
 Some day, I trust on earth to meet you all;
 Let's hope till then you'll get no higher call;
 But if by chance you "climb the golden stair,"
 I'm almost certain that I'll meet you there.

H. R. HOLMAN.

We little thought we had such a poet in our midst. Then followed the memoirs of our two deceased members, Drs. C. H. Dunning and J. G. Bowen, the former by Dr. W. S. Putney and the latter by Dr. W. H. King. These memoirs were deeply interesting and, with the frequent allusions of other members of the class, showed that in our exuberance of joy we did not forget those who were with us five years ago, but may never meet us again until life's burdens are all laid aside, and we shall clasp glad hands in that city whose inhabitants never say: "I am sick." The President, in his beautiful and eloquent address, also alluded to Drs. Dunning and Bowen, saying: "Some, indeed, have passed to that bourne from whence no traveler returns. We miss the pleasant, studious face of Dunning, our first-prize man, and the handsome, dignified Bowen, our Valedictorian. While these have gone to the Great Physician to learn of eternal life from Him who gives it, we have been blest by their friendship, which shall last through all eternity."

After the memorial services, the class considered a suggestion contained in the President's address, that as a class we lend a helping hand in the efforts being made to build up a college library. After some discussion, a committee consisting of Drs. Putney, Norton and Babbitt, was appointed to ascertain the sense of the class by communicating with those not present, that we might act as a whole. The meeting then resolved itself into an informal experience meeting, in which old jokes were rehearsed, amusing errors recounted, and brilliant achievements described in triumphant tones. Nor was the conversation of an entirely professional character. We heard with interest something of each other's home life: about the *wife* and the *babies*. As far as could be learned, every

member of the class, *except one*, had become entangled in the bonds of matrimony. And this one found it very pleasant extending to his classmates his sincere sympathy, and even had some thought of administering to each and every one a dose of Colocynth, c. m., as this is said to cure those who have pain that causes them to "double up."

The time was pleasantly spent, and all too soon the hour arrived for our meeting to adjourn, as the next thing in the order of exercises for the day was an attendance, as a class, at the commencement exercises of the college, in Chickering Hall. But we separated, firmly resolved to stand by our Alma Mater; to love each other better, and to meet again five years hence.

Commencement and Reception of the New York Ophthalmic College.

ON the 12th inst. the annual Commencement of the New York Ophthalmic College was held in the large reception-room connected with the hospital, followed by a reception. A large audience was present. A platform had been erected, upon which were seated the speakers of the evening and the officers of the institution. Following some choice selections by the orchestra the opening address was delivered by the President, Thos. C. Smith, Esq., who, after extending a hearty welcome to those present and expressing the hope that the occasion might be especially enjoyable, as it occurred but once a year, confined his remarks principally to the business done by the college and hospital during the year just closed, and the manner in which it was conducted. The total number of patients treated during the past year was not quite up to that of the year previous, but this, he said, was easily accounted for by the fact that, business having greatly improved, many former patients who had been treated gratuitously were now able to pay for it, and hence became private patients; also that there was less of this class of disease, and, lastly, the most potent factor in the decrease

was that the institution no longer sought after patients, but required the patients to seek the institution. He placed the average cost of treatment for each patient at forty cents (instrumental and medicinal, aside from hospital privileges proper). Notwithstanding the decrease of about three hundred patients, there were treated during the year over eleven thousand. The speaker closed with a eulogy upon Prof. C. Th. Liebold, M.D., who was one of the early founders of the institution, and lately deceased.

This was followed by an address by Prof. H. C. Houghton, dean, and the presentation of diplomas. The degree of O et A Chir. was conferred upon Charles H. Helfrich, M.D., New York; H. H. Crippen, M.D., Detroit, Mich.; Edward J. Pratt, M.D., New York; A. H. Hart, M.D., New York, and C. O. Norton, M.D., New York. Certificates in Laryngology were given to George W. McDowell, M.D.; W. S. Miner, M.D., and W. S. Pearsall, M.D., all of this city. The address of the evening was delivered by the Rev. Ensign McChesney, D.D., who spoke of the object of the institution and the work accomplished by it in terms of the highest praise, as it represented a great Christian charity and one of incalculable benefit to the community at large. He expressed the hope that the work might not be checked by lack of means to carry it to still higher degrees of usefulness and a wider spread of its influence, and said that if but a single patient whose sight or hearing had been restored to him were to give full utterance to his gratitude it would constitute the most eloquent appeal for the support of such institutions ever listened to, as well as the richest blessings of reward for their founders and supporters. After the exercises had been concluded, and while refreshments were being passed around, the room was prepared for dancing, which was indulged in by the younger members and their friends until a late hour. S.

MARRIED—On April 20th, at Metuchen, N. J., F. M. Cummins, '88, to Miss Mary D. Cooper, daughter of Rev. C. W. Cooper. '88 begins well. Next?

'87 Class Meeting.

April 14, 1887.

MEETING called to order by President Jenkins. After remarks on the arrangement of the class at Chickering Hall during the graduating exercises, and on the advisability of every member joining the Alumni Association, a ballot was taken to elect the officers of a permanent class organization. The following officers were chosen: President, B. W. Stilwell, LL.B., M.D.; Vice-President, William Tod Helmuth, Jr., M.D.; Secretary and Treasurer, C. A. Ward, M.D.

After a closing speech by President Jenkins the meeting was adjourned.

W. W. JOHNSON, M.D.,

Secretary pro tem.

College Notes.

F. A. FAUST, '86, has removed from Berne to Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

C. F. RING, '81, will visit Europe during the coming summer for further study, etc.

PROFESSOR DOWLING has removed from 313 Madison avenue to 6 East Forty-third street. Dr. C. C. Boyle to 17 West Thirtieth street.

FAY, Townsend, Lewis, Chase, Kellogg and Russell, '87, have been appointed as members of the staff to the Homœopathic Hospital at Ward's Island; C. A. Ward to the "Deaconess" Hospital; E. M. Olmstead to the Brooklyn Hospital; W. T. Helmuth, Jr., and F. Montgomery to the Dispensary of our college; Jenkins to the National Hospital at Washington, D. C.; Reed to the State Asylum for Insane at Middletown, N. Y.; G. M. Smith, the genial business manager of THE CHIRONIAN, to the Five Points House of Industry, New York City.

"CUR'US 'bout me, Mac—I can 'membah de mos' insignif'cant ting that eber happened since I wah two yeah ole. F'r instance—" "I say, Pone, does yo' 'membah anyt'ing 'bout dat ha'f dollah yo' borrd ob me las' yeah?"